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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Like the fabled conflict among the giants of antiquity, the battle of Lookout Mountain is enveloped in obscurity. Probably more fiction, and unplausible fiction, too, has been written about it than about the capture of Jefferson Davis; and that is saying a great deal.

To the popular mind its mention suggests only the greatness of Joe Hooker's genius, for it recalls the oft-repeated fable of his "Battle in the Clouds," where that hero is pictured as charging above the vapory realms and driving panic-stricken rebels into a bottomless abyss. This very association has given a geographical significance to the mountain it had never before, and its chief duty now is to stand as an imperishable monument to perpetuate the glory of "Fighting Joe Hooker." Perhaps the graphic myths which underlie the popular delusion are due to one or all of the following causes:

First—It was fought on a very foggy day and lasted far into the night.

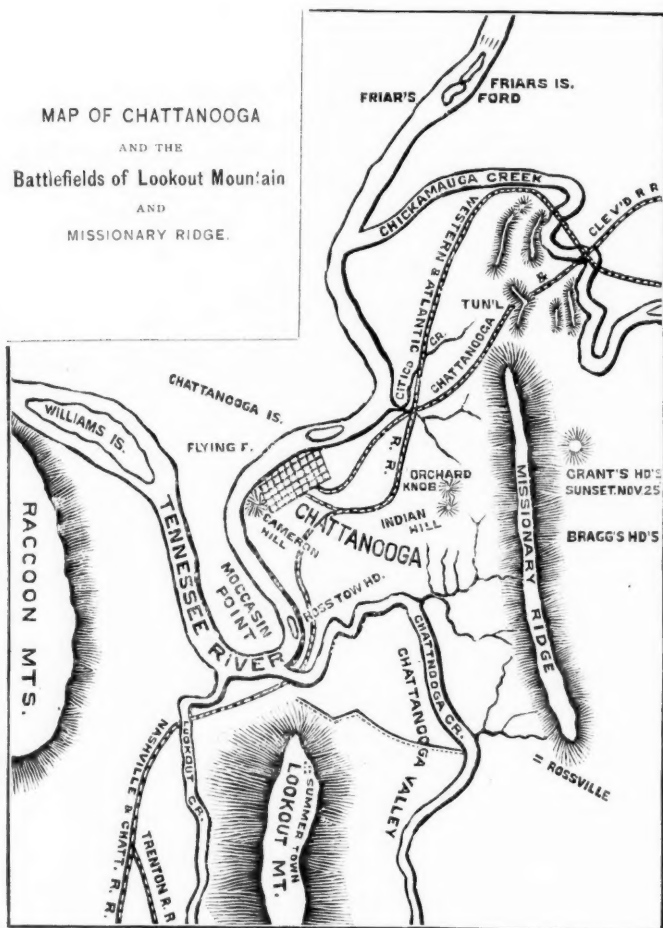
Second—It occurred on the day before the battle of Missionary Ridge, and there was need of a fitting prelude to that great victory for the Union arms.

Third—It is located on a romantic spot, where nature surpasses herself in scenes of sublimity, and fancy makes the rough gorges and towering cliffs impart their native grandeur to the actions they have witnessed.

Lookout mountain is a lofty peak made by the bursting of the mountain range by the fierce waves of the Tennessee. It is distant from Chattanooga about two miles and overlooks the plain upon which that thriving city stands. The top is a level plain, which on the northern and western and eastern sides abruptly descends, showing a perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet in height. At the

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MAP OF CHATTANOOGA
AND THE
Battlefields of Lookout Mountain
AND
MISSIONARY RIDGE.



foot of the wall on the northern side, which faces Chattanooga, is a bench or plateau. From the edge of this the slope is gradual to the bank of the river. Right at this base the Chattanooga creek empties its waters into the Tennessee, after meandering through a beautiful valley that lies between the mountain and Missionary Ridge.

The western base is washed by the waters of Lookout creek,

beyond which is Lookout valley rising westward till it reaches the spurs of the Raccoon chain. The crowning plain which rests upon the rocky cliff, is a spacious plateau of cultivated fields, where a large army might camp, and where a small one might laugh a siege to scorn were it well provisioned.

On the 23d of November, the day before the battle, the mountain and its approaches were held by parts of three divisions of infantry, Cheatham's, Stevenson's, and Walker's.

On the 20th of November, Bragg sent word to Grant to remove all non-combatants from Chattanooga. Grant, it seems, paid no attention to this, believing that it was a threat to cover his withdrawal from Missionary Ridge. On the morning of the 23d, he determined to develop the strength of the enemy on his front and pushed out a line of reconnoissance; at the same time he marched and counter-marched his army in front of Chattanooga, as if having a grand review for the benefit of the spectators, who occupied the amphitheater of the hills around.

As column after column deployed with banners flying, no doubt from many a group on the mountain crests, the question arose: "What is Grant going to do?" "Where will he mass to break through?" There was good reason to think the main attack would be on the right. That gained, the only line of retreat would be seized and the army without trains would be driven southward down the ridges. General Stevenson, who had charge with his division of the top of Lookout mountain on the evening of the twenty-third, sent the following despatch to Bragg: "If they intend to attack, my opinion is it will be upon our left." Bragg had no longer the "fox" Rosecrantz to deal with. His new opponent, Grant, was unfathomable. His tactics differed from that of all other generals. He combined the organizing talent of Xerxes with the combative genius of Napoleon. Forrest once upon being asked what was the secret of his success, said: "I generally aim to get there first with the most men." But Grant's plan was to assault all along the line and to get everywhere first with the most men. There was serious ground for alarm, but Bragg was strangely undisturbed. That very day, Johnson's division had been sent off to help Longstreet. Cleburne's division had received orders to follow, when the news that the Federals were driving in the pickets caused the order to be countermanded. Well was it for the army of the Tennessee that Cleburne was brought back. It was his masterly repulse of Sherman on the right, two days afterward, that saved the army.

When the veteran division returned, Bragg was still in doubt where Grant would attack. So he put Cleburne behind the center in easy reach of any point. Stevenson's despatch that the enemy would attack on the left seems to have been disregarded. For that very evening, Walker's division, one of the three holding Lookout mountain and its approaches, was withdrawn and sent to strengthen the extreme right. It may have been the best Bragg could do. Lookout mountain was valuable as a point for holding Chattanooga in a state of siege but of little importance for an army on the defensive, unless they were all on top of it. Between it and Missionary Ridge was a level valley. That seized, the left was cut off. At any rate, he needed more men, and they could alone be spared from Lookout mountain. Cleburne was not ubiquitous; though he could be sent to any threatened point, he could not fight in more than one place at a time.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, Grant began to show something of his plan. Before daylight Federal troops were observed passing up Lookout creek valley. Soon afterward, heavy masses were seen approaching the road connecting the mountain with Missionary Ridge. That an assault against some part of the mountain was intended no one had the slightest doubt. But upon which part was the question. Stevenson had sent word to Bragg that in his opinion Grant was going to attack the left. The event proved he was right, but when Grant arrived, Stevenson's prognostications were at fault. He could not for the life of him tell whether Grant was going to attack his right or his left. Perhaps Grant hardly knew himself. He was prepared to attack either or both as fortune indicated.

But first let us see what were Stevenson's resources.

On the morning of the attack General Stevenson had, to defend the mountain and the road across the Chattanooga valley, six small brigades. They were distributed as follows: Cummings' and Jackson's along the line from the base of the mountain to Chattanooga creek, to defend the road that connected the force on the mountain with that of the main body on Missionary Ridge. The length of this line was so great that the troops were stationed at intervals. On top of the mountain were Pettus' and Brown's brigades, to defend the rear and the western crest, and reinforce whatever command was most vigorously pressed. On the northern slope was Moore's brigade, and on the western slope, facing Lookout valley, was posted Walthall's. With such a force, it was impossible to prevent an enemy from gaining temporary possession of some portion of the

mountain slope. The loss of only one point would have proved fatal, if that one was the road leading across Chattanooga valley. Whatever else was done, that had to be defended; knowing this, and perceiving the enemy massing on both sides, Stevenson determined, if attacked from the direction of Lookout creek, to make the best fight he could with two brigades, not weakening his line elsewhere until the small force should return to the northern slope, where a position could be obtained not commanded by the enemy's guns from Moccasin point, and one nearer his line in Chattanooga valley. He accordingly ordered Walthall "to resist the enemy as long as possible, finally falling back, fighting to the line selected," viz: on the Craven House slope.

Walthall's brigade, upon whom the lot fell of facing expected disaster, consisted of five Mississippi regiments, viz: the Thirtieth, commanded by Major Johnson; the Twenty-ninth, commanded by Colonel Brantley; the Twenty-seventh, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Jones; the Twenty-fourth, commanded by Colonel Dowd; and the Thirty-fourth. The line of defence which this small force of one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine men had to guard, extended along Lookout creek from the turnpike bridge, near its mouth, to the railroad bridge across it, and thence, at nearly a right angle, up the mountain side to the cliff; the whole length being more than a mile. Nearly one-third of this force was placed on the picket-post, leaving about a thousand men to do battle with the enemy, at whatever point he choose to make the assault.

Early in the morning, through the rifts of the fog, the valley of Lookout creek seemed blue with moving Federals. Walthall saw them and prepared for action. Between the two bridges a brigade halted and a regiment advanced, engaging his pickets, supported by two batteries on a ridge in their rear. At the same time a Federal battery opened from a point between Lookout creek and Tennessee river that poured missiles upon the flank and rear of the line of the Confederates. To hold his position under this enfilading fire and an attack in front, was serious work for Walthall, but this was a fore-taste of what was coming. The main attack was from another quarter. While this demonstration was being made on his front, a column of nearly ten thousand men, consisting of Osterhaus' and Geary's divisions and Whittaker's brigade, proceeded up the valley beyond the angle in Walthall's line, crossed the creek, and forming on the face of the mountain in three lines of battle, advanced against his flank. To oppose this overwhelming column, Walthall had

scarcely one thousand men, for, as we have seen, perhaps more than one-third of his force were guarding the line along the creek. A misty fog hung over trees and rocks, causing an almost nocturnal gloom. The bursting bombs from the battery near the river lit up the darkness, and with their continuous roar, helped to conceal the approach of the advancing foe; simultaneous with the falling of shells in their midst from the rear, came the fire from Hooker's heavy columns.

The war-storm had burst with the sudden fierceness of an earthquake.

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered."

While in front the incessant blaze of musketry revealed a solid mass of blue coats pressing forward. The assailed were conscious of the unequalness of the combat, and their sense of disparity of numbers was increased by the imagination, which, aided by the unnatural darkness, multiplied the enemy and imparted to their weird forms superhuman proportions.

Perhaps, it is here that the graphic description of a demoralized eye-witness belongs: "I heard a voice as if from the clouds shout: 'Attention, world! Fall in by Nations, and fire by States!'"

It was indeed an occasion to try the stoutest hearts. At the beginning of the attack on the left flank, there was only a picket-line supported by about four hundred men. They fought as best they could, seeking cover behind rocks and trees. In a short time about five hundred more came to their assistance. The little force, now of about one thousand, were formed in a line under a terrific fire, and as the Federals moved onward delivered a steady volley into their ranks. The first line wavered and was broken at one point. Soon it reformed and advanced with irresistible force, driving Walthall slowly along the western slope. There was no route, as many have supposed, but a sullen retreat before an overpowering mass. Had Walthall been reinforced, the result might have been different. But as we have shown, there was no intention to make a defense till the northern slope was reached. We do not gather from the official reports that Walthall expected reinforcements. He certainly *never asked for any*. With his little Spartan band, confronted by ten thousand blue coats, he did what he could, retiring, Parthian-like, with his face to the foe, at every opportunity checking their advance with a well-directed volley.

Mankind delight to contemplate a hero when, hemmed in by the toils of a superior force, by a bold and cunning stroke he surprises the confident foe, and following up his advantage, pursues and slays with relentless fury. But is it not a greater deed to go at duty's call into a battle where defeat is certain; to fall back with steady front before a resistless force, to take and give repeated blows without a hope of victory, yet ever dauntless, struggling on, contending for honor only. The brilliant conduct of Henry V. at Agincourt, or to come nearer, of Sheridan, at Cedar Creek, raises us to the highest pitch of admiration; but the heroic defence of Lucknow, by Sir Henry Laurence, or that of Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, stirs the heart to its very depths. To pluck victory from disaster is indeed grand, but to conduct a desperate fight ever unconquered by despair is sublime.

Such was the conduct of Walthall at Lookout mountain, and when, hereafter, pæans of praise are sung over Hooker's romantic charge over rocks and fallen trees along the face of Lookout mountain, they should but suggest a loftier strain for his beaten adversary.

For nearly three hours did Walthall breast the resistless tide of attack. As he retired, his men on the creek were driven toward the right of the retreating column. But the road, which led up the mountain ascends southward and forms a sharp angle where it turns, was taken and their retreat cut off, so, many of these were captured. About 12 o'clock the retreating line rounded the point on the northern slope, the right being supported by Moore's brigade, which had occupied the front base of the mountain. A gallant stand was made, but the battalion at Moccasin Point swept the slope here with fatal effect; besides, Moore's brigade had been cut off by the retreat of Walthall and most of his men captured. Soon pressed beyond the northern ridge, what was left of these two brigades took position near the rear of the Craven House, on the northern slope, and checked the enemy. About 1:30 o'clock three small regiments of Pettus' brigade came down the mountain and reinforced the Confederates, and now began Hooker's "Battle in the Clouds." The general impression of this battle is that Hooker's veterans with resistless enthusiasm climbed steadily up the mountain side, the flashes of their muskets resembling a moving line of fire, rising higher and higher, until finally the Confederates were chased above the clouds, and driven, panic-stricken, over the precipice. This is pure fiction. In the first place, the opposing columns reached from the base of the mountain upward, and the rising line of fire was from both sides. In the second place, the Confederate force of about two thousand

men at this point did not budge an inch, but held their ground till about two o'clock A.M., when the mountain was abandoned, and the Confederates, with all their artillery and trains, moved silently away from the position, down the mountain and across the Chattanooga valley to Missionary Ridge.

The whole loss of the Confederates in the battle of Lookout mountain was, in killed, wounded, and missing, one thousand two hundred and forty-one.

Hooker's great victory, about which so much has been said, was gained over Walthall's brigade of one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine men pitted against two divisions and two brigades numbering not less than eleven thousand men. At two o'clock when the real battle in the clouds was gained, there were opposing Hooker about two thousand men. Says Mr. Henry M. Cist, the Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, in his book entitled the *Army of the Cumberland*: "The enemy had been reinforced, but he was not able to resist the sweep of Hooker's troops as they rounded the crest of the mountain at Craven House, where the enemy made his last stand, and from here with his line all broken and in rout he was driven over the rocks and precipices into Chattanooga valley." We are sorry to have to say that this statement is incorrect in toto: and as the writer seems to be honest and truthful, it is difficult to comprehend how he strays so far from the truth here. He certainly could never have seen the official reports of Generals Stevenson and Walthall.

Says General Stevenson: "The mountain was held till two o'clock of the next morning and the troops, artillery, and trains were withdrawn in order to the eastern side of Chattanooga creek."

The truth is, that so successful was the stand made at the Craven House line, on the northern slope, that General Stevenson posted three messengers to Bragg, asking for reinforcements for the purpose of descending the mountain by Smith's trail and attacking the Federals in flank and rear. But Bragg replied ordering an abandonment of the mountain. The fight was kept up at the "last stand" till far in the night and not till sometime after midnight was the position abandoned.

Sherman in his memoirs says, not without truth, that his assault on Bragg's right wing was not successful, but that it caused the left and center to be weakened and thereby did much toward the gaining of the victory. So sober history is bound to confess that to Sherman's hard fighting was due Hooker's easy capture of Lookout mountain,

and the troops that Hooker "drove over the rocks" about two o'clock P.M., were really withdrawn about twelve hours afterward to resist Sherman's assault on the 25th of November.

**ADDRESS OF GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE, OF LOUISVILLE,
AT A REUNION OF MORGAN'S MEN HELD AT RICH
POND, WARREN COUNTY, KY., OCT. 27, 1883.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been notified that I would be expected to reply to-day to the address of welcome, which you have just heard so cordially pronounced. Whether I respond for myself, alone, or for all here who followed the plume and spur of Morgan, I can sincerely and gratefully acknowledge the pleasure which this occasion affords. Nor could the eloquent utterances of my friend, who has just spoken the warm words of welcome, for which, in the name of all my comrades, I thank him—nor even speech so graphic as his, who has kindly introduced me to this audience, enable a veteran of Morgan's command, meeting and greeting his old companions, the companions of his vivid and adventurous career, upon the very ground and amid the scenes where it had its inception, to realize more potently than we do the full interest which should attach to this reunion. With me, all that I see about me, everything that surrounds me, brings back recollections of that glowing period when, youthful and ardent, ever ready to translate high hope into daring act and ignorant of either fear or despondency, the soldiers of the Confederacy were panting to grapple with their foe, and eager to learn their fate. The soil upon which I stand; the scenes on which I gaze; the fields, the woods, the trees remind me that here, in Warren county, I passed much of that thrilling novitiate. The faces of old comrades—comrades of my earliest service—inducing an instinctive remembrance of those days of fervid devotion and heroic hope, the very air I breathe, recall to me how, in this immediate neighborhood, Morgan's old squadron was organized; and how, with it, he gave brilliant promise of that after-career, when, with his famous division, he held Tennessee and Kentucky as the olden champions of chivalry held the lists against all comers, and at length carried invasion and consternation into States which had poured forth invading hosts to alarm and desolate the South.

Much change has been wrought since then. The future historian—if capable and impartial historians shall write the record—will

tell of marvelous transformations occurrent in the twenty eventful years just passed. They will recite a story in which, perhaps, defeat and disaster shall shine with brighter luster than success; in which, it may be, that the vanquished shall appear the heroes.

But all this I leave to the historian. I am thinking and speaking of the difference between then and now, as it is conspicuous in ourselves. We meet here to-day in other guise and with other purpose than when we were assembled, many years ago, upon almost the same spot—when in camp or bivouac we were always expectant of the scout or the combat. Our thoughts were all given then to war-like effort. We are accustomed now to struggles of another kind, and if we seek victory, it is because “peace hath its victories as well as war.” We are the same men, and yet we are not the same men. Our convictions remain; the olden feeling still lingers in our hearts; yet it animates us with a quite different purpose, and impels us to other action. * * * But all these changes, and especially the vacant places in our line, where have fallen those who survived the ravages of the actual conflict, admonish and induce us to multiply and avail ourselves of all opportunities to indulge that brotherhood which, while we live, must unite us. The soldiers of the Confederacy are falling, day by day. In scantier numbers, year after year, they will be rallied by the stirring and sacred memories of the past. The Morgan men, like all the others, are rapidly passing away. Time thins their ranks, and death approaches now with grimmer purpose, in the fancied security of peaceful life, those who once braved him daily in the battle. The time is not far distant when a few gray-haired veterans only will remain to tell, with trembling accents, tales of the brave fields over which our strong cheers once rang in triumph. Ere long, perhaps, some grand-sire among us may recite to the son of his son, some such story as the old Scottish cavalier told of the glory and disastrous fate of the Græm :

“Come hither, Evan Cameron,
Come stand beside my knee ;
I hear the river roaring by
Toward the wintry sea.

“There’s war upon the mountain side,
There’s war upon the blast ;
Old faces throng around me,
Old forms go trooping past.

“’Twas I that led the Highland hosts
Through wild Lochaber’s snows,

What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.

"I hear the pibroch wailing
Amid the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night."

Many of you, I know, attended the reunion at Lexington. We saw there an assemblage which gave us, in some respects, a clearer idea of the true character of our command than even we, its veterans, ever had before. Men came to that reunion from every Southern State. Texas and distant California sent delegates; and New York and Chicago and St. Louis reminded us that our old division was represented in those great cities. It was a graphic demonstration of how the genius and fame of Morgan, had attracted to his restless and adventurous banner, youthful enterprise and audacity from the widest area. It was striking evidence of how, when war had ceased to give scope and exercise to these daring spirits, the same energy directed into other channels, had carried the Morgan men over three-fourths of the continent. All who had ever served under Morgan were represented there. Troops which had never been part of his command proper, but had at some time been commanded by him; and his own men, men of the regiments raised and formed and inured to war by him—his legionaries, with whom his name, in victory or disaster, must ever be associated.

There was the Second Kentucky Cavalry, necessarily more thoroughly identified with his fortunes than any other; for of that regiment he was the first colonel, and, for a long period, it may be said that his biography was its history. I may be permitted to say that when I gazed on those veterans, and remembered that I, too, had long been their colonel, I thought of how I had once believed them, as indeed I still believe them, to have been invincible. There were many of that regiment there.

The gallant Third Kentucky sent its representatives, a superb body of soldiers, which, from the two fine companies brought by General Gano from Texas, grew under Morgan into a full regiment, of which it is the highest praise to declare that the Kentuckians, who chiefly filled its ranks, were the equals in all martial qualities of their Texan comrades. When the survivors of this war-worn battalion mingled with those of the Second Kentucky, their talk was of Tompkinsville, Cynthiana, Gallatin, Milton, and a score more of those spirited encounters, where, under Morgan's own eye and leadership,

they had striven in generous rivalry to carry their battle-flags deepest into the ranks of the enemy. There were men there from the Fifth and Sixth Kentucky, still as staunch and true as when with dauntless front, although their guns were empty and their cartridge-boxes exhausted, they met the multitudinous flood of pursuit and covered the retreat at Buffington. When I heard the loud cheers which went up from those who answered there for the Seventh and Eighth Kentucky, I remembered the magnificent rush those two regiments made on the Federal right wing at Hartsville, and, breaking in fair combat and close grapple twice their number of infantry, drove that wing from the field and began the victory—the brilliant victory completed by the glorious Second and Ninth infantry of the Kentucky brigade, when they fell like an avalanche on the center and left. That was a famous day for Kentucky. Eleven hundred and fifty Kentuckians, cavalry and infantry, led by John Morgan, attacked twenty-six hundred men, of whom twenty-four hundred were veteran infantry, in their own chosen and formidable position, and in one hour and ten minutes killed and wounded more than four hundred, and captured over two thousand more. The Ninth Kentucky was, if I mistake not, largely represented; and of this regiment I will say we owe it a debt of gratitude for having in a peculiar manner vindicated the reputation of our common command. It so maintained the high renown it won under our leader, where serving on other fields and with other troops, as to demonstrate incontestably the superiority, in their special service, of soldiers trained under Morgan and who came up to his standard of excellence.

The Tenth Kentucky, which had shared with us so many days of danger and glory, which under the heroic Adam Johnson, from the date when his daring career began until that sad hour when with eyes torn by hostile shot he came blinded out of his last battle, never blenched or faltered in the hottest strife, the Tenth Kentucky sent few where all would have been dearly welcome. The survivors of the old squadron and Quirk's scouts were there among those who answered for the Fourteenth Kentucky. And there were a few present from a brave and splendid corps, which was second to no regiment in Morgan's Division or the entire Confederate cavalry, and which I know you will all remember with warm emotion, 'as you must do the noble and generous people from whom they came—I mean the Ninth Tennessee. God bless them and the country which sent them out. But I may be pardoned if I tell with peculiar satis-

faction of meeting there men, who having belonged to some one of each of the regiments I have enumerated, and who had avoided capture on the Ohio raid or subsequently escaped from prison, had been organized into the small brigade which I had the honor to command, after General Morgan's death, during the last months of the war, in South-western Virginia. I remembered how I had seen those men endure without murmur the hardships of a winter's campaign of appalling rigor. How I had seen them at Bull's Gap attack, with vastly inferior numbers, a position formidable by nature and made almost impregnable by art; and after a struggle in which they received no support, retire only when nearly one-half of their effective strength had fallen. I remembered how they had repulsed at Marion—the last stricken field upon which they ever looked—ten times their number, with fearful loss to the enemy. And when those tidings of dismay, the news of General Lee's surrender, reached us and after they had seen five thousand veteran infantry ground arms and disband, they turned their backs on their homes in Kentucky, with slight hope then, of ever seeing them again, and marched southward to complete their record by an exhibition of unshaken resolution, and of discipline as perfect as their courage, to do their last and whole duty to the Confederacy, and maintain in full measure their fidelity to their cause and oath.

Were it not that I fear to trespass on your patience, and become engaged with a theme upon which I find it difficult to be brief, I would like to speak of General Morgan's character and genius, and endeavor to define and describe the qualities which gave him such aptitude for the warfare in which he achieved so much success and reputation. I will briefly remind you, that two things should be always kept in mind by those who desire to rightly understand his ability as a soldier and the service he performed. He created, organized, armed, equipped, and supplied his own little army. His government did not raise, form, and accouter regiments and then turn them over to him. He recruited his own troops, provided them with weapons, munitions, and supplies; disciplined, and instructed them after his own fashion; and the little he received from the Confederate government was more than offset by that which he gave it out of his frequent and abundant captures. He made war after a fashion which was as original and novel, as it was effective. Totally unlearned in the art of war as taught in the schools, his strategy and tactics, while in strictest accordance with the true principles of military science, as the greatest captains have applied them, were illustrated

by methods, new and unlike anything ever seen or practiced before.

He realized at once that cavalry, armed and employed as in the European armies and the old army of the United States, would be worse than useless against the long range "arm of precision," in the character of country, and in the sort of service wherein he would be engaged. He made his men, therefore, in effect, infantry, using their horses almost entirely to transport them rapidly to the objective points at which he wished to strike. He armed them with rifle and pistol, and taught them to use the latter as freely when fighting on foot as when mounted. And doubling their fighting capacity, while retaining all the celerity of movement which characterizes light cavalry corps, he compelled the enemy to make provision in his rear, both against far-reaching raids and formidable attack. Some three years since two officers of the French cavalry service came to this country, and their mission seemed principally to be an examination into the conduct of cavalry operations, on both sides, during our civil war. I met them, and talked with them very fully on the subject. They told me that while the service done by other cavalry commanders in the Federal and Confederate armies was often brilliant and skillful, it was in nowise different from that to which they had been accustomed and educated and, therefore, they could learn nothing from it, but that in the style and methods of Morgan and Forrest they recognized both originality and extraordinary efficiency, and said that they were satisfied that these methods would supersede all others. They expressed especial admiration of Morgan's campaigns, declaring that they were worthy of close study by military students. These gentlemen were very competent to judge, for they were not only trained in the best schools of France, but had seen arduous service in Algeria and the Franco-Prussian war. I was somewhat surprised to hear veteran "sabreurs" pronounce, when discussing the question of armament, in favor of the rifle and revolver, and concur in what they termed our "disdain of the saber."

I feel that I need say nothing here and before this audience, in vindication or defense of our course as Southern men or Confederate soldiers. I will only declare that the best explanation of our conduct is to be found in the fact that we inherit that blood which never did and never will endure tamely, even the semblance of oppression. The Anglo-Saxon—and all the world may as well understand it—whether he lives in the old world or on this continent, in the North or in the

South, will never submit without battle, to what he honestly believes to be encroachment upon his independence and his rights. The parent race, whence the Anglo-Saxon sprung, would never do it. That old pagan Dane, who, a thousand years ago, bade Harold Harfager remember, that when the rights of freemen were invaded, the ravens croaked and the wolves howled for joy, for they knew they would soon be fed with human flesh—that stern old heathen ancestor of ours spake in his barbaric, ferocious phrase, the sentiment of this generation of the blood, as well as his own. May that feeling forever animate the people of this whole land, for it is the true conservator of their freedom. I would rather see the race perish than the sentiment die.

I have no word of complaint or repining. I have at all times striven, and shall be ever willing to do full justice to the courage, the patriotism, the motives of those against whom we once contended. But how can we help giving warm affection, and, if need be, hearty service to those by whose side we stood in the combat, and to the friends who gave us aid and comfort, food and shelter, and, above all, that sympathy which fills the heart of the patriot and soldier with added courage, and nerves his arm with double strength.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

DIVIDED FORCES.

BY LADY BEAN.

Long years in solemn silence tread
The lonely mound aslant—
Springs bud, flowers their petals shed,
And leaves their requiem chant,
But still above our gallant dead
Fresh memories we plant.

Though in the field the wild weeds thrive,
And wandering roam at will,
Though winter winds the snow-drifts drive
Across the bare, bleak hill,
The old flame keeps our hearth alive
And warms our memories still.

How bright the morn when file on file
Trod forth the eager gray!
How gay the song when mile on mile

Brought nearer still the fray!
How dark the dawn when pile on pile
Our bleeding comrades lay!

But time wears on, and soon we learn
To envy them their sleep,
So calm their rest; ah! how we yearn
Their silent watch to keep:
For in our breasts old fires burn
In smothered caverns deep.

How many hopes in tatters lie
The chill, damp earth beneath,
How many swords with tears put by
To moulder in the sheath.
Ah! happy those who early die
Crowned with fame's glorious wreath!

Though soiled and stained the well-worn gray,
'Tis free from strife and woe
While marching in the Light of Day
That all may some time know:
Time passes on! old comrades pray
For those ye left below.

NOVEMBER 4, 1883.

BATTLE OF BEAN'S STATION, EAST TENNESSEE.

The following is an account of the battle of Bean's Station, by Captain Thomas Speed, of the Louisville bar, with statement of Colonel Ward, both of whom were Federal officers and took part in the same.—[ED. BIVOUAC.

"In response to a letter to Washington City requesting official data concerning the battle of Bean's Station, I received reply that 'There is no fight of the war involved in greater obscurity, as far as official reports go, than that at Bean's Station.'

"General Sam Jones, of the Confederate army, has published an account of military operations in East Tennessee in the fall of 1863, in which he briefly notices the Bean Station fight from the Confederate side. With this account before me and the information I have obtained on the Federal side, I will try to present a general view of a very interesting engagement, which all agree has not hitherto received the notice it deserves.

"December 5th, 1863, General Longstreet abandoned the siege

of Knoxville and moved, with his entire force of about twenty-three thousand, up the East Tennessee Valley toward Virginia. The Federal cavalry and mounted infantry, under General J. M. Shackelford, followed the retiring Confederates. Longstreet halted at Rogersville, and the Federals halted at Bean's Station. The Federal infantry was at Blaine's Cross-roads, and not in supporting distance of the mounted force. The situation led Longstreet to attempt the capture of the Federals at Bean's Station. His plan was to come down upon them, and at the same time send down a force on the south side of the Holston, to cross that river near Morristown, and gain the rear of the Union troops and cut them off. General Longstreet's command was composed of Hood's division of four brigades—Laws', Benning's, Anderson's, and Robertson's; Bushrod Johnson's division of three brigades—Fulton's, Gracie's, and Vaughn's; McLaws' division of four brigades—Kershaw's, Humphries', Wofford's, and Bryan's; Martin's division of cavalry of two brigades—Russell's and Crew's; Armstrong's cavalry of two brigades—Dibrell's and Harrison's; Ransom's cavalry division of two brigades—Giltner's and Jones'; and six batteries of artillery.

"The cavalry and mounted infantry at Bean's Station under Shackelford numbered about five thousand, being four brigades commanded by Colonels Wolford, Pennebaker, Foster, and Garrard. They had come out of Knoxville, where they, with other troops, had been in a state of siege and starvation nearly a month. Having advanced to Bean's Station in the wake of the retiring Confederates, they had found but little provender for man or beast. General Jones describes the Confederates as scantily clad and poorly fed. The Federals were better clothed, but worse off for food.

"Bean's Station is a little village at the point where the road from Kentucky through Cumberland Gap strikes the East Tennessee Valley road, leading from Knoxville to Virginia. A large brick tavern is its principal building. A blacksmith shop and a few other buildings stand near by. The valley at this point is narrow, the mountain sides seeming near at hand; on either side of the village are foot-hills of the mountains; one hill in particular, a little southeast of the place commanded the approach to the station.

"December 13th, the day before the battle, the Federal outpost on the Rogersville road was driven in. The troops at the station were put in line occupying the hills. Colonel Adams, with the First Kentucky cavalry, was sent forward, but was repulsed. He was reinforced and drove back the enemy, taking some prisoners. From

these, General Shackelford learned that Longstreet intended to capture the force at the station the next day by attacking in front and sending a force to the rear by way of Morristown to cut off retreat. A courier was dispatched with this information to the infantry at Blaine's Cross-roads. Early next morning, December 14th, General Shackelford was informed that no signs of activity appeared in the Confederate camp. He sent back this information. Shackelford kept strong forces well advanced on the Rogersville and Morristown roads, with instructions to advise him of any movement.

"About two o'clock P.M., December 14th, Generals Park and Potter came up to the station from the infantry. They were dining with General Shackelford in his tent when a courier reported Colonel Bond engaging the enemy's infantry on the Rogersville road. Shackelford sent Bond word that the battle would be fought at the station, and not in the woods where he was. In a few minutes, from the hills at the station, Colonel Bond was seen backing and fighting a heavy advancing infantry force. The Federal line was formed on the hills and across the valley; the wagon-trains were already moving to the rear; Wolford's brigade was on the right of a hill, which was the key to the position. Pennebaker's brigade was to the left and rear of Wolford, Garrard was in the center, Foster on the left. Five companies of the Twenty-seventh Kentucky, under Colonel John H. Ward, occupied the brick tavern, and the Forty-fifth Ohio was held in reserve. In rear of the center was a battery. About three P. M. the attack commenced. A solid line of infantry, extending entirely across the valley, advanced and by an oblique movement was aimed at the position held by Wolford. Artillery and musketry opened upon the assailants. They went forward steadily, however, until the fire became very destructive. Then the whole line went suddenly to the ground and nothing was seen but officers dashing about on horseback. In a few minutes the line rose and rushed forward. Longstreet's artillery then opened from mounds it had gained; Wolford's brigade was first and fiercely attacked, and his men began to give way. Shackelford seeing this dispatched an order to him to hold the hill. He followed on himself, however, and delivered his own order. Had Wolford yielded the hill at that time, a rout would have ensued; Shackelford knowing this, was at the point of danger and ordered reinforcements forward. The Forty-fifth Ohio was mounted and in line as a reserve; it instantly dismounted, carrying a howitzer on each flank, rushed to Wolford's support and on reaching the crest of the hill opened upon the advancing enemy at close range.

I remember Wolford's appearance at this juncture ; mounted and in front of his men with his hat in his hand he encouraged them to stand. He repulsed the attack.

"While this was going on the engagement became general along the whole line though at longer range, and two brigades, Fulton's and Gracie's, were ordered to advance and carry the station. McLaw's division began to turn Shackelford's left flank by ascending the side of the mountain, and Fulton and Gracie rushed forward and took possession of some of the houses. Woford, Pennebaker, and Garrard fell back fighting until the line they occupied was to the rear of the brick hotel. Foster also gave way slowly on the left, though once under Shackelford's own order his line recovered its lost ground suffering severely in doing so.

"By this time the dusk of evening came on. The brick house was now about two hundred yards in advance of the Federal line, and it was still occupied by Colonel Ward and five companies of his regiment. He had held on while the battle surged against him, and passed him on either side; shells exploded in the building, solid shot tore through it, many of his men were killed and wounded, but from windows and loop-holes he poured so deadly a fire, he saved himself from capture.

"Just at nightfall his brigade commander, Colonel Pennebaker, sent a regiment to relieve him from his perilous position. It was successful, and thus, although the whole Federal force was driven back from a quarter to half a mile, none of it was captured. During the night it retired a few miles to Rutlege, where a new line was formed, the infantry having come up to that point.

"General Sam Jones says the principal fighting was done by Gracie's and Fulton's brigades, and that they numbered less than one thousand two hundred men. He says the loss in these two brigades was only two hundred and ten killed and wounded. There was hard fighting, however, on the left when Colonel Foster suffered and inflicted loss. The last firing was on the left. I remember going with an order about dusk and passing a line of Union troops in position a few hundred yards to the rear and right of the brick house; going on to the left the Union troops were in position a little further advanced. By that time it was dark. A volley of musketry showed where the Federal line was. Except scattering shots that was the last of the firing.

"General Bushrod Johnson says, 'In the darkness of the night the enemy escaped.' That is true, but it is very creditable to them

that they resisted until darkness came, and not only defeated Longstreet's plan to capture them, but in so doing inflicted more loss than they suffered.

"In the darkness the contending forces became considerably mixed up. A Confederate captain with three men went up to General Shackelford's headquarters and inquired for Gracie's brigade. Colonel E. L. Motley, of Shackelford's staff, going with an order found himself behind a battery of the enemy and escaped in the darkness.

"The Federal loss was not over two hundred. The Richmond papers reported the total Confederate loss eight hundred. Being the assailants, and exposed to fire during the entire engagement, the Confederates certainly lost more than the Federals.

"The proposed move to the rear to cut off retreat from Bean's Station was frustrated by a rise in the Holston river, but if a force had crossed, it is not certain it would have accomplished its purpose. It would have encountered both cavalry and infantry posted to check that movement.

"General Shackelford did not think he ought to have been required to fight Longstreet's infantry with his mounted force. He thought he ought to have fallen back without a fight, to the infantry, or that the infantry should have come up to the station. General Sam Jones says 'Shackelford's cavalry had been in great peril and he had very gallantly extricated it, maintaining a bold front to his adversary. General Longstreet's plan had been well conceived, and if it had been carried out, it is not seen how the Federal cavalry, unsupported by the infantry, could have escaped. The rise in the Holston which retarded the Confederate cavalry, the frightful condition of the roads, the frozen mud cut through and trampled by the passing cavalry, artillery, and wagons, and the destitute condition of the Confederate troops, retarded and frustrated a movement which had promised brilliant results.

"Shackelford not only gallantly, but skillfully extricated his force. He displayed his skill in not allowing the advanced positions of his line to be driven back at the first onset. His continuous presence at the very front, passing from one point of danger to another, contributed much to save his troops from breaking, and maintain a bold front to his adversary.

"There was one result of the movement, however, which was significant, considering the time and place. General W. E. Jones led a force into a pass through Clinch mountain to prevent escape in

that direction when the Federals would be routed at Bean's Station. He did not have to capture any fugitives, but he did capture a supply-train of twenty wagons, which the Union troops were anxiously expecting, and sadly needed. This was a serious loss to the hungry Federals and a gain to the hungry Confederates.

"There was no further engagement between the forces in the valley. The Federals occupied the lower portion and the Confederates the upper portion during the winter of 1863-4, and between them gathered what little produce was left in the country.

"I append a statement by Colonel John H. Ward of the part his regiment took in the battle:

"My regiment, 27th Kentucky, was placed in the large brick hotel, as a reserve. Our artillery was on an eminence two hundred or three hundred yards in our rear. Our line of battle was perhaps eight hundred yards in front of us. Longstreet's attack was vigorous and well sustained, his artillery opening from three points, and doing effective work. We knew very soon this was to be no skirmish, but a serious fight. The engagement was regular by about 3 P. M., and the pressure upon our main line grew more serious every minute. In a short time I was ordered to send one-half of my regiment to support the extreme right, which was done; and in a few hours more, our main line was slowly falling back, fighting stubbornly, but suffering from the disadvantages in yielding position after position, with no hope of regaining anything. After a good struggle our line was forced from the cover of a thicket and some fences two hundred yards in our front, and had to retreat to the rear of our position, on a line with our artillery. An artillery duel between the batteries on the opposite sides now occupied some time. And then we saw a rebel regiment with colors flying pass to our left and rear, and a second moving by us on the right. We had not, up to this time, fired a shot, but gave this regiment a few as it passed. And now a regiment was moving directly down upon us, in front. The fight was hot, and we were in the extreme advance with both flanks turned. Our artillery did good practice on this last regiment, killing the color-bearer three times; still it moved steadily on to within two hundred yards of us, then lay down preparatory to the charge. Our artillery was silenced, and our line was out of our sight. In addition, the rebel artillery was pouring shell after shell into us, and we were suffering severely. Our time had come; we were probably left there to detain the overpowering enemy while our army escaped. The regiment in our front arose and charged us in beautiful and gallant style. We opened

on them from every gun and pistol in the house, and did much execution, yet they gained the stable in front of us and the ell of the building we were in. Twenty-five per cent. of my small force were killed or wounded, and no orders, or possibility of getting any. Captain A. J. Baily, Acting Major, came to me and said 'our men have fought as well as men can fight; why don't you retreat?' I said, 'wait twenty minutes, and if no orders come I will use my own discretion.' After twenty minutes I began to retreat in small squads and escaped without the loss of a man in the movement. This was accomplished, as I afterwards learned, by an accident. Orders had been sent me by a Michigan Cavalry regiment, for no less force could possibly reach me, and as it was then getting dusk it missed the way, and met and engaged the regiment that passed to our left and prevented its junction with the one on our right and rear, and we got out with not a moment to spare.

"The next day we captured some of the regiment that charged us. They told us out of two hundred and fifty men in line the day of the fight, they lost one-half; and some time afterwards we captured a Virginia paper that described the fight, and spoke of a *brigade of Kentucky Sharpshooters* that fought from the Bean's Station Hotel. It was a fight not described in the histories of the war, but I never saw better soldiers nor better fighting than was done by the Fourteenth Georgia, that charged us, and my own five companies of Green river men."

[Written for the BIVOAC.]

A STORY OF THE WAR.

It was summer noon in a New England village. Blazing high in the cloudless heavens, the sun threw downward its fierce rays, in vain attempts to pierce the interlacing branches of the giant elms which cast over the smooth road below a shade so dense that it might have been mistaken for an aisle of the forest, but for the beautiful villas extending far on either side; velvet lawns and brilliant parterres of *well-trained* flowers showed that here had been a contest between nature and art, and that art had triumphed.

Among these lovely homes stood one, which, if less pretentious than its neighbors, yet bore an air of solid, substantial comfort and prosperity. Around the massive pillars twined in rich profusion honey-suckle and cinnamon roses. Lilacs, white and purple, shaded the windows. Here were no shaven lawns. In the spacious door-

yard grew luxuriantly clover, and buttercups, and sweet meadow-grass beneath trees laden with luscious cherries or ruddy summer apples. Under one of these trees was tethered a pure white "bossy calf" and by its side stood a handsome boy of about three summers, manfully tugging at the long pinafore which the calf had seized and was mischievously chewing, every moment drawing the child nearer in spite of his vigorous resistance and the plaintive cry "top, Alfy top, O, Alfy, eat poor Wally *all* up!" Roused from his nap on the piazza by the half-frightened remonstrances of the little boy, Sancho, a large Newfoundland dog, sprang to the rescue and with an admonitory growl, sent the calf capering to the end of the tether. Wally stood for a moment looking at his wet pinafore and from it casting defiant glances at the cause of the mischief; then desecring the carriage horses, "Dick" and "Rosinante" standing in the lane beyond and stretching their glossy necks over the low fence, he ran to gather for them some of the sweet, rich clover, which they gently nibbled from his little, brown hand. Just then the boy's attention was attracted by the noise of people passing in the road, and snatching his straw hat from the grass where it had lain, he ran to the gate in time to join the groups of men who were going toward the village post-office. With these he trotted steadily along, softly saying to himself, "Me det letter for mamma."

In an upper room of the house he had just left, sat Wally's pale, young mother. Her easy chair was drawn up before a window which commanded a view of the road, and alternately she sat upright gazing outward with wide anxious eyes, her hands wrung hard together, her breath suspended to listen for the whistle of the incoming train, or reclined with sad looks and listless hands, an image of "hope deferred." A few months before Essie and her husband had made their first great sacrifice to the cause of Southern liberty. Their happy home had been broken up, and Essie with her boy had sought refuge in the house of her mother, that she might leave her soldier husband free to serve the cause both deemed so sacred. Such a parting seemed hard enough, but neither dreamed of what the future had in store for them. The first "days of absence" were rendered less gloomy by a constant interchange of letters—priceless letters which on the one hand filled the heart of the young wife with pride and hope, on the other, incited the soldier to do and dare in defense of *the right* and as to *which* was the right—here were "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Events followed each other in rapid succession—Sumpter had been fired upon—had

fallen. The news spreading like wild fire throughout the North, "stirred a fever in the blood of age," and youth alike. Fanatics raved more wildly than ever, while those who had hitherto seemed lukewarm, hastened to swell the cry of horror and fury which everywhere arose at this insult to "Our Flag." This feeling found vent in acts of aggression, met by prompt and determined resistance, and thus was inaugurated the fratricidal strife which for four years was to desolate the land.

To Essie, in her exile, a babe had been born, a frail babe who just opened its dark eyes upon the troubled face of its mother to close them again in the sleep that knows no waking. Meanwhile all communication between North and South had been cut off. The wife knew that her husband was in Virginia, and day by day fearful rumors and garbled accounts from "the front" filled her with dread and anxiety. Naturally hopeful and courageous, she struggled desperately against the bodily weakness which was fostered by the impatient, unquiet, despairing soul within. Still she must have sunk under her trials, but for the patient kindness, the angelic ministrations of her mother. That mother, who loved and revered the Union cemented by the blood of her forefathers, upon whose heart the "Stars and Stripes" were indelibly engraven, yet clung stoutly to the doctrine of "State's Rights," and sympathized warmly with the Southern people in their determination to protect from invasion their homes and firesides. Alas! she was Essie's only friend and her utmost efforts had barely sufficed to protect the "she rebel" from insult and abuse.

Rumors of an engagement at "Big Bethel Church" had created the greatest excitement. To-day's news was eagerly expected, and excited groups were continually passing along the shaded road to swell the crowd collected at the post-office awaiting the mail. Wally was at first unnoticed but presently he toiled up the high steps and climbing upon a chair, put his little hand through the bars behind which sat the postmaster and his assistant, and said, "Div Wally a letter for he's ma." At this a young man of elegant appearance, evidently a leader among the excited people, strode up to the boy saying, "All right, Wally's mamma shall have a letter," then entering the sanctum of the postmaster and seeing a large sheet of paper, he wrote a few lines which were handed out to be read by the bystanders. A loud shout attested their approval. The paper was handed back, placed in an envelope, and addressed. While apparently hunting in the desk for the envelope, the young man had managed to slip within it a folded paper and now with a flourish he applied some red sealing-

wax, stamped it with a large seal bearing the coat-of-arms of the United States, and handed it to Wally, who would at once have returned homeward, but rude hands seized him and a voice cried, "Let's have some fun out of the little reb." They placed him on the counter, forced into his hand a small Union flag, and bade him "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln." The boy stood with flashing eyes, his letter clasped close to his breast with one hand; dashing down the flag, he cried, "No huah for Abe Linkun—Jeff Davis and 'fedacy." Instantly he was dragged down and hustled into the street, where a crowd of boys soon surrounded him with menacing cries and taunts. He was at length rescued and borne homeward by a man-servant who had been sent in search of him, but not before he had been severely hurt.

Meanwhile, Essie in her darkened chamber was fondly attended by her mother, who having vainly tempted her to partake of the delicate viands her own hands had prepared, had put the salver aside and now kneeling by the wretched girl, drew her head upon her motherly bosom while she gently smoothed back the masses of damp hair, and while alternately kissing the pale brow and lips of her suffering child, murmured words of tenderness and comfort.

Suddenly was borne upon the air the shriek of the approaching train. Instantly Essie started to her feet; standing a moment with every nerve and muscle tense and rigid, then as suddenly sinking back into her mother's arms, pale and almost lifeless. At this moment a slight bustle was heard below stairs and then the loud lamentations of Irish Maggie, whose grief and indignation had been excited by the sight of little Wally, pale and disordered, his golden curls stained with blood from a slight wound in his head, his poor little ankle bruised and discolored by a brutal kick, both bestowed by the young Americans whose patriotism he had insulted.

As if by magic Essie became calm, at once putting on the armor of motherhood, that breastplate and shield which every woman holds in reserve, to be used in times of danger and distress to her loved ones, an armor which repels all attacks of self and keeps at bay even extreme physical pain. "Bring my baby to me," she ordered, and in a moment the sobbing boy was placed in her arms. Having satisfied herself that the hurts were not serious, she was allowed to assist her mother in bathing the sunny head and binding up the bruised ankle.

By this time Wally had quite recovered from his fright, and delightfully displayed the letter, which he had retained through all vicissitudes.

tures. One glance was enough to show Essie that her boy had been deceived, but she fondly kissed and thanked him and to please him proceeded to break the seal, unfolding the sheet within the envelope; the small slip enclosed addressed "To Essie," fell in her lap; this she hastily concealed while together, the mother and the daughter, read with fierce indignation these words: "She rebels are not wanted in this town. Let all such leave or take the consequences." In a moment the letter was torn in fragments and thrown upon the floor. Wally, surprised and grieved, began to sob again, but his grandmother created a diversion by carrying him off to get some luncheon. Left alone, Essie opened the paper which had been enclosed in her letter. It ran thus:

"ESSIE:—Danger threatens you. Be warned in time and let prudence suggest to you the proper course. The rumor gains ground that you have a rebel flag. The house will be searched; so destroy what may compromise your mother, as well as yourself.
A———."

Essie's first impulse was to destroy the paper. Having done so, she sat awhile in deep thought, pressing both hands to her throbbing temples. "What shall I do?" she thought; "I feel strong to suffer for the cause I love; but alas! my dear, kind, loving, mother. She, too, will become involved, and may be severely punished. *What can I do?*" Taking from a table beside her a prayer-book, she drew from between the leaves a small silken flag, the "*Rebel flag*." As she gazed on it, fondly pressing it to her lips and heart, tearless sobs convulsed her slight frame. "It was my husband's last gift," she said, "together we kissed it, together we swore to follow whither it led, even if in such a path we found the grave of happiness and hope." Again she fell into deep thought. Suddenly her face brightened and she even smiled as she feebly rose, and crossing the room, opened a large, old-fashioned secretary which contained all requisites for writing. Seizing a small jar of "perpetual paste," she hastily opened the bosom of her wrapper, and applying the paste-brush to the loved flag, fastened it securely just over her heart. Hastily re-arranging her dress, she resumed her easy chair just as her mother entered the room with a newspaper announcing a Southern victory upon the battlefield of Big Bethel church. At the same moment the sound of many voices arose and cries of, "Show your colors!" "Where is that woman?" "Bring out the rebel," etc.; and, carried away by intense excitement, which lent her unnatural strength, Essie arose, throwing wide the blind, waved the newspaper above her head, cry-

ing out: "Hurrah! hurrah for the brave rebels, hurrah for Big Bethel!" A perfect howl of rage arose from below, and greater evil might have befallen, but for the timely appearance of the venerable village doctor, who rode hastily up among the excited men, and standing up in his buggy, cried out: "Friends, she is but a frail, defenseless woman. Be thankful if this morning's work be not her death." Slowly and sullenly the crowd dispersed, while the good doctor hastily ascended to Essie's chamber where he found the young rebel with fevered cheeks and gleaming eyes, lying among the pillows where her mother had placed her. The terrible excitement under which she labored forbade all blame or any allusion to her act of imprudence. She was, therefore, soothed and tenderly cared for until at last, under the influence of a sedative, she fell asleep.

At an early hour next morning the doctor entered the room of his patient, whom he found calm and self-possessed. Everything about her denoted that a great change had come. Subtle, indefinable, yet plainly perceptible. The nervous, excitable, tearful girl had vanished. A *woman*, full of courage and hope, appeared in her place. Dr. — regarded her steadily, then—"Ah, better this morning? that's my brave girl." Meeting his gaze fully, Essie replied: "I shall try, henceforth, to be brave as befits the wife of a soldier." A frown appeared on the doctor's brow; for a moment he strode hastily up and down the room, then returning to the bedside he tenderly placed his hand upon the head of his patient, saying: "My child, I fear your courage will soon be put to the test. Your own imprudence has greatly incensed the towns-people against you. Danger menaces you, and through you, your mother. Fortunately, the friends of your childhood still desire to protect you; but your only safety lies in giving up the rebel flag, which it is said you possess. Give it to me, Essie, and I will destroy it before their eyes, and thus avert the threatened danger." Essie smiled proudly as she replied: "Dr. —, since the rebel flag has existed, I have cherished it in my heart of hearts. You may search the house over; you will find no flag but the one I have here;" and she placed her hand on her heart.

The good man had known Essie from her childhood, and he could not doubt her. He questioned no farther, but took his leave, promising to use his influence with the incensed villagers. They, however, were not so easily convinced. They had been wrought up to a state of frenzied patriotism, and declared they would search the house where the obnoxious flag was supposed to be. Dire threats of vengeance were heard on every side. At last, a committee was appointed to wait upon the traitress and again demand the surrender

of the flag. It was composed of gentlemen who, though thorough and uncompromising "Union men," were yet well known to Essie, and were anxious, if possible, to shield her. They were admitted to the room where the suspected one sat to receive them. She reiterated the assertion she had made to the doctor, so calmly, and with such apparent truth, that they were staggered. But they had come to perform a duty and they meant to succeed. They convinced Essie that the danger to herself and to the house of her mother was real and imminent, but she only repeated her assertions, though her heart throbbed painfully as she saw the anxiety and trouble in her mother's face. Suddenly she remembered that she had in her possession a paper which, just before all mail communication had ceased between the North and South, had been sent to her for the purpose of protection. It was simply a certificate of her husband's membership and good standing in a Masonic Lodge, and had a seal affixed. As she called for her portfolio, all eyes brightened with expectation of seeing at last the "rebel flag." As Essie drew forth from its envelope the fateful document, she said: "I was told to use this only in dire extremity; it seems to me that such a time is at hand. If there be any virtue in Masonry, let it now protect me and the roof which is at present my only shelter!" Thus speaking, she handed the paper to one whom she knew to be a prominent Mason. The certificate was duly examined, and after a short conference, returned. "We will do our best," said the spokesman of the party, and all withdrew.

The day passed without further trouble, and as Essie sank to sleep that night there came to her a feeling of safety and protection which was, indeed, comforting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Written for the BIVOUC.

WHY SUE MUNDY BECAME A GUERRILLA, AND SOME FACTS CONCERNING HIS EARLY LIFE.

There is no name connected with the late war, that once produced the excitement among Kentuckians, and carried such consternation to the hearts of isolated Federal soldiers as that of Sue Mundy. At our great distance from the scene of his exploits, and notwithstanding the intervention of the solid host of "blue" in our front, we would often hear of his deeds around our homes.

I doubt not many acts were laid at his door which he never performed, yet he did enough and more, to hand his name down as one of the most terrible of all "silent riders." And if all was known it

would perhaps place him as a peer of any, either ancient or modern. I can only tell why he became a guerrilla, and sketch his life up to that period. But as his conversion to that mode of fighting depends on his friend and companion, John L. Patterson, of Sebree, McLean county, I will have to write his history first. Nearly the whole history of Sue Mundy's earlier career was told me by Mr. Patterson, whom I recently met while in this city.

John L. Patterson was born in McLean county in the year 1835, and spent his boyhood days clerking in country stores and on steamboats, plying between Louisville and New Orleans. He lived in Jefferson county one season, and was employed on the farm of Dr. E. D. Standiford. When the war broke out he was assistant engineer of the Steamer Peytona, and left it the trip before it ran the blockade. Arriving at home he enlisted for the Confederate army under Capt. Frank Scott, and went with him to Camp Burnett, Tenn. Frank Scott and Capt. Willis S. Roberts, of Scott county, blended their companies, and formed Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry.

Jerome Clark, (alias Sue Mundy), was born near Franklin, Simpson county, Kentucky, about the year 1845 (at least Mr. Patterson puts his age at sixteen or seventeen years when he entered the army.) His father, Col. Hector Clark, died (a widower) when Jerome was thirteen or fourteen years of age. The remainder of the family moved to McLean county, where the two older brothers married near relatives of Mrs. Mary Tibbs, an estimable lady of that section, and who was the aunt of Mr. Patterson, and at whose house he made his home. Young Clark was also an inmate of the same house, and was treated like Mr. Patterson, they being regarded as children of the household. Thus Clark and Patterson were as brothers, and clung to each other as such, as the sequel will show. Clark followed the movements of Patterson, and September, 1861, found them both in Company D, as stated, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee.

They were cheerful and amiable soldiers and were prompt in the discharge of duties imposed upon them. Patterson's knowledge of the world and quick insight into men and things, combined with a straightforward, frank disposition, installed him as a favorite and leader among his associates, and as a good, true soldier with his superior officers. Clark being always with him partook freely of his nature and came in for his share of esteem.

A part of the regiment was sent to Bowling Green and a detachment from this part, together with other small commands, were sent to the mouth of Mud river to blow up the locks on Green river.

Our two friends accompanied the expedition and proved that on the march and adventure they were fully up to their reputation. After the army got regularly into camp at Bowling Green it was thought best by the authorities to make up a splendid battery for the great artillerist, Rice E. Graves. This was done by detailing Company B (Capt. James Ingram), Fourth Kentucky, for service as artillery.

Not having enough men for the same, others from different companies were detached and placed in said company. Into this magnificent battery went Patterson and Clark as if fate was determined to put together a body of men, fit subordinates to the greatest of Western artillery soldiers. The glorious notoriety obtained by Graves' Battery at Fort Donelson was shared in by our two heroes, and honorably surrendering, they were imprisoned in Camp Morton, Indiana. Naturally enough they escaped, and in this wise: It was the custom of the commander of the prison to allow the Confederates to bathe in White river, sending, however, a guard of one soldier to each man. One day, four men, viz: Captain Jules George, Ben Cole, John L. Patterson, and Jerome Clark were escorted to the river for a bath, by as many Federal soldiers. After bathing, they dressed themselves, and as they started for camp each prisoner (as was previously agreed upon) knocked his guard down and tied his hands behind him. Captain George had a very tough customer to handle, and Patterson had to help him, after he had secured his man. The guards (who were now prisoners) were marched four or five miles down the river, where their faces were turned back toward Camp Morton and they were allowed to seek that place as best they might. They were not untied, however, by the Confederates.

The four, now fully armed and equipped, walked on down the river until they found a skiff, which they "borrowed" and immediately embarked. The passage down the river was uneventful; shooting game, and foraging among the farms as they went, Jerome Clark always taking the lead in everything that gave promise of danger. Arriving at Hazleton, on the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, they took passage for Evansville, but left the train at the fair grounds, where they concealed themselves until night should give them more protection. From their place of concealment they saw two Federal soldiers ride near who were very drunk. They dismounted and laid down to sleep off their potions, and Jerome Clark crept out to where they slept and captured their finely-mounted pistols. Night coming on they hastened across the Ohio river and plunged into their native territory.

They soon found Colonel Adam R. Johnson, who was then recruiting a company of cavalry, he having at that time between thirty and forty men. The next day they rode boldly into Henderson, Kentucky. The day after that, Colonel Johnson's small but intrepid company crossed over to Newberg, Indiana, and by a series of brilliant maneuvers and representations, captured the place with the following extensive result: Three hundred prisoners, three hundred stands of arms, three hundred sabers, about the same amount of holster pistols, eight government horses, and two ambulances loaded with valuable medicines. After paroling the prisoners they made a safe retreat to the Kentucky shore.

Clark and Patterson took a very active part in this movement, rolling logs on wagon wheels to represent cannon, and Patterson was especially active in paroling the prisoners.

When the command was safely in Kentucky again, they were to rendezvous at Slaughtersville. Clark and Patterson got leave to go home and spend the night, as it was not a great distance from where they lived. On the next morning, which was Wednesday, they started for Slaughtersville. If possible, I would like to stop this paper here, for the deed which was that morning committed makes one shudder for humanity. It was one of those terrible, dastardly affairs which occasionally occurred to mar the honest principles of the contending sections, and make us ashamed that in our time there lived such people. The truth must be told as I learned it, and if the victim, who yet lives, can forgive (which I am well assured he does), we can only remember it as a horrible circumstance of a cruel war. Our party was proceeding in the direction of their camp at Slaughtersville, with John L. Patterson ahead, and following at a great distance Jerome Clark and Captain George with probably a few recruits. Suddenly in front Patterson observed a body of horsemen, but thinking it likely that they were friends, he continued toward them. When closer, he found it was the enemy. Wheeling in the road (or lane, as it was) he was astonished to find, instead of friends coming, more Federal soldiers. But Patterson never thought of surrender without a fight, and again turning to the direction of Slaughtersville, he took his bridle reins between his teeth, and with a Colt's navy in each hand, he spurred his horse right up to the column, firing as he went and still pushing through. His audacity might have led to his escape if a soldier, whose name was — Hollis, on foot, had not rushed out from a fence corner and seized his bridle and brought his horse to a standstill. Finding further resistance useless, he surren-

dered. He had fired thirteen shots at the enemy, but does not know how much damage he did. On looking about him, he found that the party who captured him was the same that he had helped to *capture and parole* the Friday before in Newberg, Indiana, and were twenty-day Indiana volunteers under one Bethel. While seated on his horse, a man whose name I will not mention, but who is a Kentuckian and was acting as a guide to the Federal troops, rode up to the side of Patterson, and placing a pistol to his head, fired. The party threw Patterson's body over the fence and left the neighborhood. The place where he lay happened to be in a lot in front of a house. Two ladies found him after the enemy had gone and sent word to Johnson's company to come after him.

This all happened in the fore part of Wednesday, and on Thursday afternoon about two o'clock, Jerome Clark and a companion were on the ground. Patterson's brains were not blown out, as expected, but his eyes were entirely gone, the ball entering one and passing under the nose into and tearing away the other. He was taken to a place of safety and recovered.

The rage of Jerome Clark knew no bounds as he knelt over his beloved friend and realized what a dreadful fate had befallen him. He swore repeatedly he would never take another prisoner alive, and as soon as possible he left Johnson's command and started out on his mission of vengeance. In vain did Colonel Johnson beg and threaten, as did Mr. Patterson; he was determined, and knowing such conduct would not be tolerated in Adam Johnson's command or among his friends, he quietly stole away, and was not heard of more by his command save at long intervals, when the news of some daring deed would be spirited some way through the lines.

I have given this narrative like it was told me, and as a matter of history it will pass uncontradicted, as Mr. Patterson is not only thoroughly reliable, but has an excellent memory, and possesses great intelligence. If I am allowed to comment upon the matter at all, I would say that Clark being very young did not realize the terrible consequences he would bring upon his own head; that he was brave, none can doubt, for of all the throng who met death with calmness and steady nerve, none were more fearless than the McLean county boys.

FRED. JOYCE.

Youths' Department.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

THE BOY PREACHER AS A SOLDIER.

In the quiet village of Romney, West Virginia, surrounded by lofty mountains which guarded its peace, lived the hero of this sketch, Jemmy Ream, as he was familiarly known and loved by his comrades. His father had been an Elder in the Methodist church for many years, and his mother was a gentle, pious woman, to whose influence was, perhaps, due his choice of the Christian ministry as a profession. He was preparing himself for this calling when the war broke out, and it was in compliance with her wishes that he remained at his post, when his young companions were deserting everything else to take up arms in defence of their country, with many a conflict between his patriotism and that higher service of his Master. He warmly espoused the cause of the South, and did not repress his sentiments, which he knew would cause his arrest by the enemy if ever opportunity offered, and when Romney was occupied by Federal troops, in the second year of the war, he became a refugee, and joined the Confederate army, as a member of Company D, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry. Here his influence was apparent from the first; he was none the less a Christian because a soldier, but would reprove his comrades for swearing and other bad habits, reminding them that they might suddenly be called before the judgment-seat. His gentle manners, as well as courageous bearing, and prompt, cheerful discharge of every duty, so endeared him to all hearts that at the first vacancy in the company he was elected to the office of Corporal, and in every engagement Jemmy was foremost in the ranks.

A HORSE FURLOUGH.

In the fall of 1863, while encamped on the banks of the Hazel river, Ream, with about twenty of his men, was granted a horse furlough, or permission to go to their homes to procure fresh horses, as every Confederate cavalryman provided his own horse. Their homes were all within the enemy's lines, and it was suggested to them that an attack on the Federal pickets would be the best way to re-

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mount the men, provided they could obtain the consent of the commanding officer. This was refused on the ground that an attack on the pickets might bring on a general engagement, but during his absence a few days after, it was found that the next officer in command approved the design, which Ream hastened to put into execution. It was agreed that he and his men should cross the river, in the darkness of the night, crawl through the picket line, and while a dash was being made in front, they were to come up in the rear and capture the reserve, consisting of about a squadron. Just as the moon rose, which was the signal for the attack, his captain with the rest of the company dashed into the river, the Federal picket in front firing on his advance, but ere the echo of his gun died away, could be heard the shout of Ream's men charging the reserve, and before they reached him he had captured or scattered the whole squadron, and in five minutes had mounted and equipped his command, without the loss of a single man.

STONEMAN'S RAID.

Not long after this exploit our command had fallen back, and the Rapidan river was the picket line between the armies of Lee and Meade. A large body of Federal cavalry, commanded by Stoneman, was sent to pass around our left flank and strike for Richmond, with a view of liberating their prisoners there. General Stuart being apprized of this movement, gathered up all the cavalry available in that part of the army, and attacked him at Jack's shop, in Madison county, Virginia, although his force numbered less than one-tenth of the Federals, his object being only to obstruct their march until the other troops could be brought up to the fight. It was like striking a huge serpent near the middle of the body; after the first shock the two ends began to coil around us on either flank. Ream's command was in the advancing columns, which at first found it easy work to drive the enemy, but when the flanks began to close in on this brave little band, Stuart saw their danger, and at once ordered a retreat. No sooner had they begun to fall back than the Federals pressed more vigorously, and it was not long before a ball from their carbines struck Ream in the back, ranging up toward his heart. The command was moving at a trot, and their first intimation that he was shot was seeing him jump from his horse and run along by its side. In reply to their question, "What is the matter?" he said, "Boys, I am shot; I'm afraid it is all over with me." The company at once halted, regardless of the bullets that were flying thickly around, and a dozen stalwart men rushed to lift him on his horse again, after

which the retreat was continued, they supporting him on each side, while he begged to be put down that he might die. It was found that he was rapidly sinking from loss of blood and one of the men taking him before him on horseback, with two others supporting, galloped off at a rapid rate to reach the ambulance and a surgeon.

A NOBLE DEATH.

The company came on more leisurely, and presently found him on the ground by the roadside, where, at his request, he had been put down to die. Amid a shower of bullets and the roar of artillery, they halted to bid him a final farewell. A more vivid picture of war could not be conceived. The two flanks of the enemy had met, and were pressing Stuart's little band from every side. In the road near where Ream lay was our battery; side by side stood the guns firing upon the enemy in our front and rear, mingling with the sound of musketry in the awful roar of battle.

As his comrades dismounted and bent over him to say farewell, he had words of love and consolation for each one. "Do not mourn for me, I am not afraid to die. Be true to our cause—it is right, and must prevail. Tell mother how I loved her, and that I have gone to meet father. Take this ring to S——; tell her that I loved her to the last." His only trouble was that he had been wounded in the back—he said that his body would bear the dishonor forever, although assured that it was no fault of his.

As the company was leaving him, several volunteered to remain with him at the risk of becoming prisoners of war, but he said: "No, I can live only a few hours, it is not worth the sacrifice."

We turned from him sorrowfully, leaving him to die alone and to fill an unknown grave; supported by a martyr's faith he passed from the battle-field to eternity.

COMPANY D.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.

DAN MUSIC'S DINNER.

Dan Music was a little mite of a fellow, a mere boy, with no beard upon his face, but in his heart all the mischief of the biggest sort of a man. He was at the bottom of more fun and practical jokes than any other member of our command, and his activity in that direction fully compensated for his deficiency in size.

On the 9th of March, 1863, the First Missouri Brigade was moving

from Grenada southward, in that memorable campaign which wound up in the surrender of Vicksburg.

We were marching among our friends and General Pemberton's orders against straggling were very strict and rigidly enforced, and which the field officers were specially called on to see was done.

Owing to our extreme desire to have these orders properly obeyed, Adjutant Greenwood and myself concluded we would ride around through the country, and, perchance, while keeping the boys from straggling, do a little straggling ourselves and see if we could not "light on" a good dinner.

We had a reasonable excuse for doing this in the fact that an officer on the march seldom gets dinner, unless he carries some "hard tack" in his pocket to be spliced with "sorghum" or "pine-top." The private fares much better, with his haversack stuffed with edibles. As we were riding along on the Clinton road, the Adjutant and myself, we espied a nice-looking farm-house at the lower end of a long slope nearly a mile ahead of us. He insidiously suggested *that* as our best chance for "grub." We rode up to the gate and raised our voices. A very nice-looking girl came out to see what we wanted. The lower part of her face was smooth and comely. The rest we could not see. She bashfully kept her huge sun-bonnet drawn down most provokingly.

Her modesty kept her presumably lovely eyes fixed on the ground, which considerably flattered us "bold soldier boys," as a coy damsel always does a forward man. She said that only she and her sister were at home, but if we could feed our own horses they would get us the best dinner they could. Upon this basis we dismounted and she returned to the house,

"Deuced pretty girl that," the Adjutant chuckled as we unsaddled, "I'll make love to her, sure."

The Adjutant was noted in our command as an accomplished "masher." When we went to the house the girls were busily engaged, both with their unsightly sun-bonnets still down over their faces, their long dresses sweeping the floor, and their sleeves drabbling in the dough, which latter I attributed to excessive modesty, as I had noticed that housewives when thus employed, generally rolled them up so as to show their dimpled arms, while our fair hostesses showed never a dimple, save on the chin.

With some surprise we also remarked their ignorance of location, exploring a barrel of soft soap in search of brown sugar and dipping into a lard keg for a measure of flour.

They made havoc among the chickens and added to them ham-sausage, dried beef, home-made cheese, and choice preserves. Indeed, the dinner was a gorgeous affair, and we did ample justice to it.

During the meal Greenwood, with his softest and most languish, ing smile, ogled the girl with the dimpled chin—he said it was—and at length said:

“Please tell me what your name is, sweetheart?”

“Madalene,” she answered, after some hesitation, in a sweet, but constrained voice, “but they call me ‘Mudgy’ for short.” Greenwood looked at me with a grimace, and then she added, “Don’t call me *your* sweetheart; I ain’t got none.”

The other girl, who was turning a hoecake, snickered.

We had finished; I was mounted, and still the gallant adjutant tarried. I supposed he was paying the bill until I got a glance of a struggle, a squeezing of hands, a brief surrender, and the unconcealed glee with which the taller sister witnessed these improper proceedings. She, the tall one, had been so demure, modest, and quiet—not a word spoken by her—that I was greatly scandalized and rode off sadly, as any good soldier would have done.

In a short time the adjutant overtook me in the very worst humor possible. “D—n it all,” he growled savagely, “that cussed Mudgy charged me seven dollars and a half.”

“What?”

“Yes, she did, and I had to pay it, too; could n’t help it.”

“Why could n’t you help it?”

“She whimpered so; said she thought we were gentlemen, that they had killed four dollars’ worth of chickens; pap wouldn’t like it anyhow, and he did n’t allow men to kiss her, and she’d tell her pap, that she would, and—and—well, I just *had* to pay her to make her shut up.”

About ten that night Adjutant Greenwood with several other officers and myself were sitting around our bright camp-fire listening to his glowing recital of the pleasant adventures of the day, the beauty of his rustic sweetheart “Mudgy” and the excellence of her cooking, but not a word of its cost. Little Dan Music stood by deeply interested and highly amused.

The tale had scarce been finished when one of General Bowen’s aids came up with an old man and said:

“General Bowen wishes you to make investigation of his complaint,” nodding at the old fellow, “as he lives on the line you marched to-day.”

"What is it?" I asked of the old gentleman, after he had taken a seat and warmed.

"Well, sir," he replied, "me and my wife, and my daughters went to the big road to see the army pass and while we were gone some of your fellows broke into my house, killed chickens, mussed up the sugar and lard, and cooked a meal big enough for forty men."

"How much did they damage you?"

"That I can not tell. They spoiled two nice dresses of the girls. I suppose from the looks, they put them on to cook in and didn't turn up the sleeves."

I looked at Greenwood. He had suddenly become very red in the face; the other officers smelled a rat of the biggest kind. Music abruptly departed.

"Where is your house situated?" I asked, after promising investigation and as the old man was leaving.

"Three miles back at the foot of the long slope on the Clinton road."

That settled it. I turned to the adjutant, he was intently studying the fire.

"I say, Greenwood, did you kiss that girl, sure enough?"

"Go to——" he answered fiercely and retired to his quarters, followed by roars of laughter.

HISTORY OF A BRANDED HORSE.

My name is Jerry. I have had several names, but this is the last one. I am fifteen hands high, of a dark-bay color, with a white spot on my neck. I am now about twenty-five years old. You need not wonder how I know my age! If you had had your mouth pulled open as often as mine has been, and had heard the learned talk about your age that I have been bored with, you wouldn't have to look at the family Bible or ask your mother to find out your age either.

I was born in the Piedmont country, of Virginia, a lovely place for colts, where the people treat a horse like a gentleman. I was permitted to run at will in a large pasture, and fed in a nice, clean stable in cold weather, till I was two years old. Then my young master used to ride me about the country, and we had some jolly trips to the village post-office. I was a gentle colt, and never had any tricks, except now and then when a hog would jump out of a

fence corner, or a dog run at me suddenly. As soon as I was well-broken my young mistress used to ride me to church, and on those occasions I always tried to see how well I could behave, and how gracefully and evenly I could canter. Miss May thought a heap of me, and often came into the stable and patted me with her pretty, white hand.

One day—how well I remember!—some people dressed in blue came to my master's house and took me away. Miss May cried, and begged the captain to treat me kindly. I didn't say anything, but I kept looking back at Miss May, and she knew I was trying to say good-by.

Well, real life began then. The first thing my new owner did was to tie me up and have branded on my left fore-shoulder the letters U. S., which I heard them say meant "Uncle Sam." After that I was going pretty much all the time. But I was well fed and could not complain. The part I hated most was the picketing and drilling. Often I was in battle, but I never got hurt, and sometimes it was jolly fun. My master was a very careful man, and never threw away his life or mine either. Just as soon as the rebs would turn their backs he would say: "Give it to 'em, boys," and then we would have a splendid race. After a while my master took me to a place where there was a fort, and I spent most of my time in the stable, and got all the fresh oats and hay I could eat. I grew fat and sleek, and was contented with my lot. There were some other horses in the same stable, and one mule. The latter was haltered next to me, and was the most discontented creature I ever saw. One day he kept braying so much that I actually wished the rebs had him. His restlessness made me anxious, and I began to think that a raid was brewing, or something just as bad. Sure enough the next morning, after I had finished my peck of oats and was licking my jaws, I heard, first a shout, then guns go off, and after that a whooping and yelling that made me tremble all-over-like. Presently the stable door flew open, and in popped a rebel officer. He looked around a minute, and then, what should he do but walk up to me and say: "Old fellow, I guess you'll do!" With that, he grabbed my halter, led me out the door, and, after saddling and bridling me, got on my back. I could hear the mule laugh as I went out, but he didn't laugh long before some rebs had him hitched up to an artillery wagon.

I now fought under a new flag, but I was always true to the old one. I don't think I saw a peck of oats from the time I was cap-

tured (fall of 1864), till after the surrender. I had to fight or travel all day, and at night do my own foraging. During the winter of 1864, many of my acquaintances died from the want of food. The stingy quartermaster said they died of lung-fever; but we all knew they starved to death. No eye ever saw such stuff as they gave us to eat; and when I recalled the nice, warm, well-stocked quarters they had dragged me out of, I just longed to be back again under the old flag. My master was kind enough to me, but a horse can't dine on kindness; and what did I care for the right of secession? I noticed that many of the rebel horses were branded, "C. S." I suppose that stood for secesh, but I never cared enough to ask.

After a while, I was taken and put into winter quarters, near Petersburg, Va. I just did manage to prolong life till spring, when one morning before day I left there in a hurry. I had lots of company—the whole of Lee's army. My blood fairly curdles when I think of the trip to Appomattox. But my master suffered too. One day, it was the day before the surrender, my master stopped inside of a field, near the road, and while talking with a passer-by, he left me to graze a little. The grass was horribly short and bruised too; so I kept moving around, looking for nice spots. By and by, a stranger jumped on my back and dug his heels in my side; I, of course, had to hurry off, though I heard my master yelling, "Stop, thief," behind me. My new owner ran me for about four miles, and we spent the night under a tree, in a lonely place. Next morning (the morning of the surrender), I was standing hitched to a fence, when I heard the voice of my master as he was passing. I nickered and tried to break away and get to him; but he saw me, and came up, saying, "Why, there is old Stonewall"—I forgot to say that my name had been changed from Grant to Stonewall—but I think he had better have called me Bonewall then, for my flesh was about gone.

After taking me to his quarters, he tied me to a tree, and there I lived on air and water for nearly forty-eight hours, with a mouthful of bark now and then that I tore off the tree. After my master was paroled, he took me to a place near the James river and turned me loose to graze in a pasture. Just as I was beginning to feel strong, a black-whiskered stranger came in the field and took me away up into the mountains. He carried me to a place they call Deserters' Cove, where there were three other horses, running loose in a small field. I saw there some thievish-looking men walking about the premises, and guns leaning up against the walls of the little cabin, where they slept. One day they all got on our backs and rode down the moun-

tain. As we turned the corner of the road, whom should I see coming but my master; when we got near, he stopped and told the man who was riding me that he was a thief; the man got mad and said some very bad words; I thought there was going to be a fight, but it all ended peacefully, and once more I was restored to my master. Then he took me to a beautiful country place and made a farm-horse of me. There I was called Billy.

I didn't fancy the new life. It was lonesome for one who had been used to so many companions. At first, I pretended that I couldn't pull, but there was a cruel colored man who would make my fur fly every time I balked. So I got to be such a good draft animal that the folks said Billy was the best horse on the place. There was another horse there whose name was Joe. He had been in the army too, and sometimes when we would hear guns go off in the pasture, we would fight our battles over again. We would charge across the field with our tails in the air and then charge back again to our old position. Sometimes, when I was grazing all alone, I would get to thinking and wonder where Miss May was. Nobody was ever as kind to me as she. After awhile my master quit farming and sold me to a stranger; he worked me so hard that I went blind, and then I was very unhappy. One day I was doing duty as off-wheel horse in a team of four. We were hauling logs to a saw-mill. The road was rough, and every time I stumbled the driver laid his whip across my back. All at once I heard a voice that made my heart go pit-a-pat; it was Miss May. She said, "It's a shame to beat that poor, blind horse so;" and then she said, "How much he is like the bay colt the Yankees took." Then the team stopped, and I felt her hand patting me as of old; she raised my mane and seeing there the birth-mark, she said: "Why, it is Jerry as sure as you live, papa." And so, to make a long story short, her father bought me and took me back to the home place, where I have been ever since. I no longer regret my blindness since it has restored me to my dearest friends.

OUR BOYS.—O, the boys! Yet, when we are ready to give them over and ask ourselves, in sheer despair, if they will never learn by cuffs and kisses to stand in awe of anything, all at once we see them hushed and tender, at the bedside of a sick mother, risking life and limb, to bring her wild flowers, and softening into tears at the mention of her name.

Taps.

A CAPTAIN of a militia infantry company was sent on a reconnoissance in the early part of the war. He was very fat and a great blusterer—could whip any member of his company in a fist fight. They traveled all night through the brush. About daylight it was thought discreet to take their bearings. The company was halted under an overhanging pine. An active fellow climbed up and immediately exclaiming, "Good gracious," descended rapidly. "Let me go up and take a look," said the valiant Captain. Pretty soon he descended, and every one was struck at the gravity of his demeanor and the expansion of his eye-balls. "Boys," said he, "the enemy are upon us. We want to get out of here. The fact is, we've got to do some tall running, and as I am the fattest and the shortest-winded man in the crowd, and besides am a little lame in my left foot, I must have a fair start, so just wait till you see them, and give one volley, and then follow me." With that he bounded off like a deer, followed by the whole command, who did not stand upon the order of their going.

JACK B. was the wit and clown of the company. He seldom laughed, and when he did, it was as if he despised himself for doing so.

One day Jack was on squad-drill. The sergeant was a close student of Hardee's Tactics, and fond of displaying his knowledge of the manual.

"Now, gentlemen," said the sergeant, suiting the action to the word, "stand with your feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, head erect, breast out, with the butt of the musket just the least bit below the hollow of the thigh—a leetle lower, Mr. B.," said he; "you'll find it will come much more natural."

"I don't care a continental," said Jack, "about its coming natural, just so it comes easy."

One day, when the war had lasted long enough to lose all of its features of romance, when it was a steady pull through stifling dust

and rays of a July sun: "Well, Jack," said one, "what do you think of war *now*?"

"All I've got to say," said Jack, bringing his musket to an order, "when they go to upset another government, I don't want them to call on me; if that be treason make the most of it."

SNAKES IN HIS BOOTS.—Lieutenant — was drill-master. He could polish a steel bit or scabbard, or roll a blanket as neatly as any of the "Queen's Horse Guard," of which he had been. He messed alone—cause, a huge appetite, and personal want of regard for soap. One morning I met him standing with one boot on, the other lying about fifty feet away, and his *tout ensemble* of morning toilet in sorry plight. "What is the matter, lieutenant?" "The matter, is it? The devil's the matter, I'm thinking!" He pointed tragically at the boot, then at his log shanty. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong is it? Down with the sheebang; blow her up wid gunpowder; she's full of snakes; look in my boot!" Sure enough, a little grass-snake had gone to bed in his boot, and the lieutenant put his foot in it. He felt the squirm, and his Celtic nature, disgusted, fled from boot and house with horror. The drill-master could face the foe, but could not foot a grass-snake.

WHILE the Confederate army occupied Bowling Green, the — Kentucky Regiment was encamped some two miles below town at Ennis & Dishman's mills, and while there one M. W. was detailed to go to the regimental commissary to assist in bringing rations for the company, and among his stores was a camp kettle of nice potatoes, not down on the requisition; upon being asked where he got them, said in his natural peculiar way, "I went to the conersary to draw some visions, and seein' these taters I consecrated them.

M. W. was, however, a good and gallant soldier, and could somehow manage to have a cross-cut saw, maul, and two wedges, and occasionally a fro carried, which were very useful in camp. He also carried, mostly himself, a four-gallon jug, to carry water to the ditches, during the long retreat from Dalton to Atlanta.

Adjutant Buchanan used to say he carried a sledge-hammer and anvil in his knapsack.

T.

Editorial.

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT RICH POND.

The reunion of Morgan's men at Rich Pond, Warren county, Kentucky, October 27, was, in spite of the inclement weather, a brilliant affair. The ex-Confederates who reached Bowling Green by cars the evening before, were handsomely entertained by the citizens, and forwarded in hacks to Rich Pond, about nine miles distant, the following morning. Dripping showers early in the day perhaps discouraged many; but enough gathered to make the event one of interest and importance. The grim veterans who had defied wind and storm so often under the gallant Morgan, were not to be dismayed by passing showers. At first they gathered in clusters to revive old jokes and fight their battles over again. Soon the groups lessened in number till there were only two, Hon. J. S. Blackburn occupying the center of one, General Basil H. Duke that of the other. As the shouts of laughter broke on the air from both it was difficult to tell where the most fun was, and many kept shifting from one to the other. In a short time dinner was announced and the crowd was invited by Mr. Jefferson Galloway, the moving spirit of the occasion, to fall to. Nothing could better show that there was peace in the land than the character of the delicious repast provided. It baffles description, but suffice it to say that the old soldiers did it full justice. While yet some lingered, the crowd was invited to come into a little church near by and hear the speeches. These were delivered by General Basil W. Duke and Hon. J. S. Blackburn. We give that of the former but regret that the reader can not have it as it was heard. The sparkling eye, the grace and eloquence of action, and the face all aglow with sympathy and affection for listening comrades, can not be set in print.

The speech of Mr. Blackburn was different, but of great power. The fiery vehemence for which he is so noted, in spite of the restraint he seemed to put upon it, at times broke forth into perorations of surpassing beauty. His sonorous sentences rolled along full of music, abounding in flights of fancy and golden truths framed in poetic

forms of speech; graceful thoughts followed each other in such rapid succession, and clothed in such ornate imagery that the hearer was amazed at the exhaustless store. His animated countenance kindling with the recollections of glorious days seemed to mirror a soul that strove to lay its proudest offerings at the feet of old comrades.

The occasion was one that permitted none but the noblest passions to be appealed to. It was to offer incense at the shrine of the honored dead, and to pluck from a precious past all that might lift us to a higher manhood, and most nobly was it improved by the orators of the day.

After the speaking the crowd rapidly dispersed, and soon a long line of carriages was bowling along back to the county-seat. The country passed through is as beautiful as ever the sun shone upon. No wonder that this lovely region bristled with armed men in defense of States' rights. If there is any power in soil, climate, and physical features to build upon local pride, that chivalry of character which inspires its possessor to contend for principles without counting the cost, here it flourishes in rich perfection.

In the center of this fertile and picturesque region is situated the thriving city of Bowling Green. Its neat streets, elegant homes, and beautiful suburbs, are indeed attractive; but the generous hospitality of its citizens is overpowering. Where all were so cordial it is hard to discriminate, but we can not refrain from a recognition of the kindness of Judge C. M. Thomas, Major J. D. Hines, and Colonel Geo. M. Edgar.

AMONG other matter that came too late for the November number was the continued story of "The Adventures of a Confederate," and a brief sketch of the life of General Cheatham, by Governor Porter, of Tennessee. They will appear in the December number.

ONE of the liveliest weeklies in the land is the *Culpepper Exponent* published at Culpepper C. H., Virginia. Though answering to roll-call in the Democratic ranks, it concerns itself chiefly about matters non-political. It is the especial advocate of low taxes, and of the destruction of giant monopolies. It makes vigorous war upon all forms of tyranny, whether in the shape of bossism, rings, or rich corporations. Let all who seek to know something of the tremendous issues which are now shaking Virginia to its center, subscribe for it.

ALL subscriptions to first volume of the BIVOUAC expired September 1st, 1883. Subscribers will please remit by postal order or postage stamps.

WE regret that so few communications as to the battles of the war are received from private soldiers. The request is again repeated that they furnish a partial record of what they saw. Because they necessarily understood little of the general movements is no reason why their evidence is unimportant. The best witnesses of the character of an action must be looked for in the ranks. If they are too modest to speak of themselves, that should not deter them from doing justice to comrades who are dead and gone. If they are too much engrossed with making money, let them remember that children often value the heritage of a gallant name more than houses and lands.

Upon this subject, the following lines from the graceful pen of Mrs. L. M. P. Henry, of the *Greenville Advocate*, expresses an appropriate utterance :

UNKNOWN.

The rebel guides a plowshare,
And he makes as straight a row
As his bullet made a furrow,
Through the rushing, charging foe:
Such men are not in places high
Nor on monumental stone,
But of grand and holy meaning,
They have made that word, UNKNOWN.

THE claim to social equality so boldly urged by the orators of the National Colored Convention, has been answered by a decision of the Supreme Court pronouncing the Civil Rights Bill unconstitutional in the States. Social equality has never been established by law in any age, though much has been done by law to produce inequality. The less legislation, therefore, upon this subject, the better for those who occupy the bottom rail.

AMONG the many distinguished officials who have visited the Southern Exposition, none made a more pleasing impression than Governor Bloxham, of Florida. His wide fame as a sage in politics, and as the leader in all that has contributed to the development of his State, made us expect to see a silver-haired Nestor. But, if he is not the youngest governor in the United States, then he must

have discovered that "fountain of perpetual youth," which Ponce de Leon so long searched for in the "Land of Flowers."

We have received much encouragement from the Press and other sources, for which we are grateful, and shall continue to make the BIVOUAC more interesting and valuable. To accomplish this we need the co-operation of its friends, not only in extending its circulation, but in contributing to its pages, and ask their assistance in both respects. Below are some of the most recent notices received.

I recently saw a copy of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. Place me on your subscription list and send me all back numbers and volumes. You have struck the right vein, and too much can not be written.—*Col. Arnold A. Rand, Boston, Mass.*

I have no doubt the BIVOUAC will succeed in preserving in book form, for the benefit of those who will take our places, many stories and incidents of the war that would otherwise be lost even to tradition.—*Gen'l. S. G. French, Columbus, Ga.*

Will do anything I can to help the BIVOUAC along. Think it is just what we privates want, a means to let us write history as we know it. I will try and get some rough sketches from the boys if you will dress them up. All join me in kind wishes for the success of the BIVOUAC.—*Isaac T. Brady, Romney, W. Va.*

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October contains the following interesting articles: 1. Battle of Missionary Ridge, Samuel R. Watkins and J. S. Jackman; 2. The Southern Dead, Alexander Evans; 3. Adventures of a Confederate; 4. Capture of the Forts at New Creek Station; 5. Capture and Escape of S. H. Nowlin; 6. The Pale Faced Man, Mrs. Amanda Keith; 7. The Silent Man of Company "D," Fred. Joyce.

Youth's Department—8. The Trouble of Getting a Railroad Pass; 9. What Became of the Dog, E. C. Colgan; 10. A Hog Story; 11. Squires' Bear; 12. Standing Picket; 13. Taps; 14. Editorial.

Many of these articles are really thrilling, and will be highly appreciated by those who have never seen service as well as by the veterans of the war. This magazine is acquiring a rapid popularity and a very extensive circulation throughout the country.—*Louisville Evening Post.*

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for October is on our table. As usual, it is full of interesting reading for the old soldier, for the Southern heroines of the war, and for the youth of the land to whom the great civil struggle is a tradition. The current number of this magazine publishes the names of over one hundred and fifty new subscribers, from all parts of the United States that have been added to its list since September, which shows that great success is attending the enterprise of the publishers. Another evidence of its prosperity is the marked improvement in its typography, material, and general get-up. It is now as handsome a piece of work as comes to our office. We have written to the publishers to obtain such terms as will afford the readers of the *Exponent* an opportunity to get this magazine on favorable terms. They have liberally of-

ferred to club the BIVOUAC with the *Exponent* so as to enable us to offer both for a year at the low price of two dollars. Any new subscriber to this paper can add fifty cents to the price of subscription and have the BIVOUAC and *Exponent* both; and any subscriber now on our list can have it on the same terms by paying his subscription for another year.—*Culpepper (Va.) Exponent*.

Thanks for complimentary copy of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC from the McDonald Bros., Louisville, Ky., who edit those charming pages which echo the soldiers' chat around the camp-fire. The survivors gather there, not to blow the mouldering embers into flame, but to keep alive precious memories of the loved and lost, to tell the joke that nerved the men to endurance when they joked with pale hunger and passed the dry canteen, to sing the old songs for posterity, to remember and love one another.—*Greenville (Ala.) Advocate*.

THE following names have been added to our list of subscribers since October 1st. We hope that each one of them, as well as all the old ones, will assist us in extending the circulation of the BIVOUAC; the larger its circulation the more interesting and valuable we can afford to make it. For each new name, and \$1.75, we will send one copy of the BIVOUAC for one year, and "Co. Aytch," advertised in this issue:

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